KIT CARSON'S LEGACY.

I.

Geronimo and his murderous band
Are raiding the fresh young Western land;
Torturing women and scalping men,
Making of ranches a noisome fen,
And of settlements a slaughter-pen.

II.

Hi! hi! hi! To the pale-face death!
Mutilate sons ere their waning breath!
Murder mothers, and babies brain!
Scatter bullets like pelting rain,
And scour away to the hills again!

III.

Bloody Apaches, devils accurst,
Over our homes in a cyclone burst;
Making widows of fair young wives,
Taking innocent children's lives,
Gashing loved ones with reeking knives.

IV.

Mercy to such is thrown away,
The rifle-ball is their only pay;
The bayonet-prod and the Gatling-gun,
And the cavalry-charge from which they run
Are the bravest and best thing to be done.

V.

Guilty friends of that fiendish foe
Whose trail is wet with the tears of woe,
Think what Kit Carson wisely said
When he gazed on a settler's gory bed,
"An Indian *good* is an Indian *dead!*"

—*David Graham Adee.*

JUNE DAISIES.

A Kensington Romance.

It was only a London garden, but it was so walled in from intrusive eyes, was so judiciously planted with flowers that could stand the air of cities and the neighborhood of smoke, was so surrounded by trees, and the walls that encircled it were so covered with creepers, that it was difficult to realize that it was actually a part of that "Old Court Suburb" which is now a part of London itself. There was an old bowling-green that made the smoothest and greenest of tennis-lawns; there were stately alleys, planted with quaint shapes of box and yew; an ancient sundial and a moss-grown fountain; trim walks through trellised doorways, that led to conservatories gorgeous with tropical flowers; and shady corners, much appreciated by the young people who came to Lady Mary Hazlewood's garden parties, and that at other times were Meta Hazlewood's favorite retreat.

Lady Mary was the widow of a general and Meta was her only daughter, a tall and rather stately brunette of twenty-two, who had been out two or three seasons, and had refused several eligible offers without any very apparent reason. Miss Hazlewood did not even give any reason. The gentlemen who had done her the honor to wish to marry her were not to her taste, she said, and seemed to think that statement conclusive.

Meta's indifference to suitors was the only point of difference between her mother and herself. Lady Mary would gladly have seen her daughter suitably settled—as, indeed, what mother would not?—but in the long run the girl always had her way.

"Do you want to get rid of me, mamma?" she would ask, with one of the smiles that were half saucy, and wholly sweet; and there could be but one answer to such a question. Nevertheless, Lady Mary could not help feeling that her daughter was perverse. The feeling was intensified just now by an offer from Meta's latest admirer, and by the fact that Lord Castleman seemed likely to fare no better than those who had gone before him.

"I can't understand it, my dear," said Lady Mary, plaintively. "What was there in Sir John Hope that any girl need have objected to?"

"He was not to my taste," said Meta, for the hundredth time.

"Or in Captain Shaw? And I am sure they both worshiped the ground you trod on."

"They would have been welcome to do that if they would only have abstained from worshiping me," said Meta, lightly.

"My dear, don't be flippant; when you really fall in love yourself, you will know it is not a joking matter."

"Ah! yes—when I do!" said Meta.

"And now there is Lord Castleman, and you don't seem any more favorably inclined to him."

"I can't help it, mamma," said Meta, rather wearily. She rose and gathered her work together, and left the field to Lady Mary. She was so tired of these endless lamentations, and she knew enough of her mother to know that she would not leave her pet grievance till she had thoroughly exhausted both that and her daughter's patience. So Meta put on her hat and strolled into the garden, the shady old world garden that always seemed such a haven of peace and solitude amid the whirl and din of the great city. It was here that Meta generally came when her mother's mood was too plaintive or too loquacious, not railing against the kindly, unwise woman, even in her heart, but feeling the need for a little quiet and solitude, a little time in which to gather her thoughts, and perhaps live over again the one little month in which the garden had seemed greener and fairer and sweeter than it had ever seemed since. That was five years ago now—that one month of Meta's life that had seemed to Lady Mary, so much like any other June, but that had made the very name of June musical forever in her daughter's ears.

It was June again now, and even in London there was a sense of summer in the air. The garden was at its best, with roses just unfolding, and creepers greenly twining and putting forth delicate tendrils, as yet unsmirched by dust or soot. The great June daisies that grow wild in such abundance in southern pastures and on breezy cliffs by the sea, but that needed much care and pains to induce them to grow here at all, were opening their yellow discs, and spreading their white fringes in the sun.

Meta gathered one, and put it softly to her lips. "The one flower in the world!" whispered the girl, and then she blushed at her own thoughts, and fastened the flower in her girdle, and told herself it was folly, and worse than folly, to let any man's words dwell in her heart like this, and come back to her across the years whenever the daisies blew. It was five years ago now, but every June, as the great white daisies opened to the summer sun, it seemed to Meta that she stood once more by Robin Lindsay's side, and heard him tell her that he should never see their blossoms again without thinking of this garden of his cousin Meta.

"Because they are Marguerites, and I am Margaret?" she asked.

"If you like. Or because they are fair and white, and tall and stately and beautiful," said Mr. Lindsay. Shall I find them and you still here when I come back, I wonder? Will the daisies bloom year after year, in spite of fogs and smoke? And you, Margaret, will you be here, in spite of all the suitors who will try to win and wear the Marguerite that is the one flower in the world for me? She did not answer for a moment. She was only seventeen, and with Robin Lindsay, at least, she was curiously shy. And then, before she could speak, he caught her hands in his. "Don't answer, dear," he said; "I had no right to ask. I will not bind you by a single word. Only give me a flower for old love's sake. It pledges you to nothing, but I may be glad to have it if I come back some day and find no daisies here."

"One daisy will be here," said Meta softly—so softly that perhaps he did not hear; or perhaps he would not. Robin Lindsay had no fortune but his profession, but he was a Scotsman, and as proud as he was poor. It seemed to him a baseness to try to win a pledge from this fair young cousin of his, whose mother looked so much higher for her, and to whom an engagement to himself could only bring years of indefinite waiting.

The waiting and the burden of separation and doubt and anxiety should be his, and not hers, he told himself; and so he went away and left her free, not understanding that her freedom was a heavier burden than them all.

He only wrote once, a formal letter to Lady Mary, acknowledging her hospitality, that somehow found its way among Meta's treasures; but every year there came a Christmas card adorned with white Marguerite daisies, and bearing an Indian post-mark and the initials R. L.

That was all; just such Christmas cards as any one might have sent, pretty tokens of cousinly remembrance that might be the emptiest of compliments; but Meta flushed into trembling delight over them, and hid them away as a miser hides his gold.

And Lady Mary, looking kindly at her daughter, with the unexpected acumen which otherwise foolish women sometimes display in matters of the heart, thought to herself that if Meta had not been such a child when Robin Lindsay went away, she might have fancied there had been some "nonesense" between the cousins when they wandered so long in the garden those soft June evenings five long years ago.

It was only a passing thought, dismissed the next instant as too unlikely for serious reflection, but it came back to Lady Mary with startling vividness this fair June morning as she went into the garden in search of Meta, and found her standing by the daisies with eyes that were luminous and tender and sad. The golden bosses, surrounded with pearly shafts of white, suddenly recalled the Christmas cards that had borne them in every variety of dainty devices. And when Lady Mary looked at her daughter with unconscious appeal and questioning, she knew, with a thrill of unwelcome conviction, that the girl's eyes fell before her own. Was this it—this—that Meta, her proud, unapproachable Meta, was only proud and unapproachable because she was already won, and won either clandestinely or unwooed?

Either supposition seemed a desecration to Meta's mother, with Meta standing before her in her proud young beauty; only the daisies made a background to her thoughts, an unacknowledged arriere pensee that had its share in determining her speech.

"Do you know that Lord Castleman is coming for his answer this morning?" she asked with an attempt at severity of demeanor that was not too successful. What are you going to say to him, my dear?"

"Won't you see him, mamma? You will say 'No' so much more graciously than I should."

"But need it be 'No,' Meta?"

"What else can it be?" said Meta, rather drearily.

The daisies were an unconscious background to her thoughts also. The daisies that had brought only happy memories and golden dreams to the girl in her teens, had come to have quite other meanings for the woman of twenty-two.

Five years! Was it likely that the five-years-old story could seem anything but a boy and girl romance to Robin Lindsay now? That was the question that the daisies had been asking Margaret Hazlewood this morning, that they had already asked her more than once as the empty years went by, and Robin Lindsay gave no sign of claiming "the one flower in the world for him."

"Need it be 'No,' Meta?" said her mother once more. "Lord Castleman is well born, distinguished, a polished gentleman, and an upright man. What fault can you find in him?"

"None," said Meta, wearily. She thought that life would have been easier to her if her suitors had been a little less unexceptionable.

"Then, my dear, why do you not accept him? Do you know, Meta, what is the natural conclusion when a girl behaves as you do?"

"Yes," said Meta, hastily. "The natural conclusion, the only conclusion, is that she likes her home and her mother too well to leave them."

Lady Mary put aside the flattery with lofty indifference.

"The natural conclusion is that there is some one she likes better—or fancies she does," said the mother considerately changing the form of expression as she saw the sudden flame in Meta's cheeks. It faded as quickly as it had come, and Meta said steadily—

"That is not the case with me, mamma."

It was not a willful untruth. Her morning's communings with the daisies had brought home the conviction that Robin Lindsay had forgotten her, or thought of her only as a cousin, and nothing could therefore be more evident to Margaret Hazelwood than that her own feelings must have undergone a similar change.

"I am relieved to hear it," said Lady Mary. "I had really begun to wonder—absurd as it seems—if there could have been anything between you and Robin——"

"No! oh no!" cried Meta vehemently. "How could you think so, mamma, when he has—never—" She stopped, afraid of her own voice. What was she going to do? To falter and break down before her mother—to betray the weakness that had robbed her girlhood of its brightness, and that instead of being conquered as she had believed, seemed ready to overwhelm her now with a sudden despairing shame? She paused a moment, steadying herself against the garden seat, and then she said with a nervous little laugh—"How could you be so absurd, mamma? I should have thought you knew me better than that." The two women were both too much excited to notice outside things. It came upon them both with a little shock, when a page appeared before them and announced that Lord Castleman was in the drawing room.

"I will come," said Lady Mary nervously, and then she looked at her daughter.

"My dear, what shall I say. You will not sacrifice your prospects—your happinesss—"

"My happiness is not in question, mamma," said Meta proudly. "You can send Lord Castleman to me."

Lady Mary did not venture to ask any more. She kissed her daughter, and went off to her guests, rejoicing. Meta would not have sent for him only to reject him, she felt sure. And as for the doubts which the daisies had suggested, if Lady Mary did not believe her daughter's protestations as entirely as Meta would have wished, she believed in the healing power of time and the evanescent nature of human emotions, with a fullness of conviction that Meta herself would probably never attain to. She turned for a moment and looked at the girl's white clad figure with tender maternal pride, and then she went on to the house and into the drawing room, glowing with satisfaction and good will.

Lord Castleman was standing by the table with a face tha was becoming anxious and grave, but he flushed into eager anticipation as Lady Mary came into the room.

"You bring me good tidings," he cried joyfully. "I see it in your eyes."

"She will see you," said Lady Mary, beaming with smiles. "You will find her in her favorite corner by the conservatories."

He pressed her hand, and went, seeing everything a little mistily through the sudden dazzle of new hope; but pleading his cause with as much humility as though he had not just seen Lady Mary, and drawn his own deductions from the encouraging interview.

And Meta sat with downcast eyes, and listened to his tale in a silence he felt to be still more encouraging; but when he would have taken her hand she drew it back.

"Wait," she said; "there is something I should like to show you first."

She took from her pocket a faded leather case, and opened it with fingers that trembled a little in spite of her efforts to keep them still. Inside were the Christmas cards with the pretty frosted daisies, and the robins that used to be so seldom absent from Christmas cards, but that had, perhaps a special reference in these, and with them a letter that was a little frayed about the edges now.

Lord Castleman stared, as he might perhaps be excused for doing.

"What are these?" he said. "Pardon me; I don't understand."

"It was very foolish—and it was all five years ago," faltered Meta, "but I thought you ought to know."

He understood now, and his brow lowered ominously. He was all Lady Mary had called him—he was well born and distinguished, a polished gentleman, and an upright man, but he was not large souled. The confession that Meta had made, with a pain he could not even understand, moved him to no generous sympathy; it only wounded his vanity and stung his pride. He took the cards and the letter from her, and tore them into a thousand pieces, and then he turned upon his heel.

"Miss Hazlewood, I have the honor to wish you good morning," he said, with a stiff little bow. "I appreciate your candor, but you will understand that a Castleman does not care to be second to any other man."

He went away with his head in the air, knocking over his chair in his agitation, and Meta was conscious of a very unheroic feeling of relief. To please her mother, and to save her own pride, she had brought herself to think that she might accept Lord Castleman, but the sense of relief showed her how great an escape she had had. How long she sat where he had left her she never quite knew. Her eyes were on the torn and scattered fragments that were all that remained to her of her girlhood's dream, and as she sat and mused her face was grave and sad—but it was a sadness in which Lord Castleman had neither part nor lot.

The opening of the garden door roused her at last. And then—for life is sometimes kinder to us than our deserts or our imaginings—she lifted her eyes and saw some one coming up the walk—some one whose coming her own pride had come near to making a curse instead of a blessing. For the some one was Robin Lindsay, come back at last to explain his long absence, and the untoward fortune that had till now made it impossible for him to come and ask for the Margaret who was still to him "the one flower in the world."

Somebody says that the odor of fresh paint may be removed from a room by placing a saucer of ground coffee in the apartment. Now we understand why it is a man generally chews ground coffee when he is painting the town.—*Puck.*

"All I want is a single heart," writes a poetess. Trying to fill a bob-tail flush, eh!—*Newman Independent.*

INDUSTRIAL TOPICS.

How Farm Animals Are Likely To Be Neglected by Their Owners During the Summer—General Industrial Miscellany.

Care of Stock in Summer.

On many farms, says *The Chicago Times*, all kinds of animals except work-horses are sadly neglected during summer. Their owners think they have too much to do in the field at this season of the year to devote much time to their stock. The corn must be cultivated, the potatoes hoed, the hay made, and the grain harvested. Each of these must receive attention at the proper time, and they afford little leisure for anything else. Farm animals are not likely to be neglected during the winter, because their owners have little to do except to take care of them. There is no work to perform in the field or garden. The weather is often so unpleasant that there is no pleasure in leaving the farm to go to town. All the animals are accordingly well taken care of. They are fed and watered with great regularity. The card and brush are used on the horses and cattle. The pigs are supplied with bedding to keep them clean and warm. If the weather is severely cold they receive some warm food. The calves receive rations of meal and oil cake. The fowls are looked after at least twice every day. In short, during the season of the year when animals and fowls are only expected "to hold their own" they are well cared for. There is plenty of time for doing the work required, and necessity demands that it be done. Neglect to do it would insure the death of the animals.

The greatest neglect of animals and fowls is shown during the summer season. The former are generally turned out to grass and allowed to remain without care or attention. It is presumed that they will do well enough by themselves. When the grass is growing finely they generally thrive. There is enough to eat, and if the pastures are supplied with living water there is enough to drink. It is not always the case, however, that the pasture produces a sufficient amount of grass for all the animals that are kept in it. The growth of grass depends almost entirely on the fall of rain. If there is no rain for several months the feed in pastures will be small in quantity and poor in quality. The supply of water afforded to streams will also become small. At such times animals require attention every day. If the grass in the pasture does not afford sufficient food it should be obtained from the field or granary. The growth of the animal should not be stopped because the growth of grass has. The water supply should receive frequent attention. During hot and dry weather all animals require a large amount of water that should be pure and fresh. If streams do not afford the requisite amount of good water the well must be made to supply it.

Every stock-raiser should keep in mind that the gain in the weight and condition of animals is principally made during the summer. Unless they are fed on expensive food like corn or small grains during the winter they will weigh no more in the spring than they did in the previous fall. The summer is the time to lay on flesh and fat. Animals intended for slaughter should have all the requisites for becoming fat during warm weather. There is no good reason for waiting for cold weather before commencing to feed them corn. If there is not sufficient grass in the pasture to enable each animal to obtain its fill with ease and comfort it should have an allowance of corn or some other desirable food. A given amount of grain will make more beef, pork or mutton during warm than cold weather. The best meat for the table is made by feeding grain in connection with green grass. Calves, colts and lambs require good care during the summer. At the period of weaning they should have much attention given to their food. They should not be allowed to become poor during the first summer of their existence. If they are not in good condition when they enter their winter quarters for the first time the chances of their ever becoming superior animals are very poor.

Industrial Brevities.

Where limbs have been sawed off early in the spring, the exterior wood becomes dry in a few weeks and will then receive a coating or covering to exclude rain and prevent decay. An old and much recommended application is a solution of gum shellac in alcohol, applied with a brush. It answers the purpose perfectly, and makes an air tight covering. Grafting-wax is equally good, but not so easily applied. But, after years of experiment, we find common oil-paint as good as anything, and nearly always at hand. One of the small tin vessels with ready mixed paint, sold at the hardware or drug stores, answers every purpose, and this is more easily obtained than the shellac solution and more readily applied than the grafting-wax.

A novel use, says an eastern paper, is being made of oyster-shells by a Hartford, Conn., man, who is coining money in his new enterprise. The shells are placed in a patented mill and ground. It has a capacity of five tons a day. By an ingenious arrangement sieves are kept at work assorting the dust into fine, coarse, and insufficiently treated. The fine and the coarse are taken by elevator-belts to the floor below, where, through canvas chutes, regulated by wooden slides, barrels are rapidly filled. The product is sold for chicken-feed. Twenty tons and more are sold yearly to San Francisco, orders are filled from western states, and Bermuda and the Sandwich islands have been supplied.

A writer makes a correct comparison between thinning turnips and thinning timber trees. No gardener ever expects to raise a crop of good-sized turnips by allowing them to grow at random without thinning. The only difference between them is, that the turnips show the effect of thinning in a very short time, while years may be required for the more slowly growing trees. For a similar reason no farmer would ever expect to raise a crop of fine corn by allowing a dozen stalks to grow in each hill. The removal of a needless tree may add to the bulk of a neighbor to a greater extent than would have been obtained from the needless tree had it remained, beside the improved quality of the growth.

Much attention is paid in England to the manufacture of sanitary wall-papers. The best English dealers guarantee their paper free from arsenic or other poisonous coloring matter. It is wise to select smooth papers, as they do not collect the dust like the embossed and flocked surfaces. If flock papers are used at all they should be wiped at least once a week. Light colors should be chosen and small all-over designs. People have hardly begun to understand the influence of color on health and comfort, or to know that a careful consideration of this subject is more important from a sanitary point of view.

While reports of the hay crops coming from various western states are very encouraging, the news comes from New England that there it is most disappointing. In Vermont it is represented as being the lightest for ten years, reaching 850,000 tons, or 200,000 tons less than last year. In New Hampshire and Maine the crop is reported as 10 and 15 per cent respectively less than last year. Causes assigned for it are bad weather and damage by insects. The hay press will be in demand in the west to put the good crop in proper shape for transporting east.

The annual weeds have mostly such extremely small seeds that the beginings of the plant are on the most insignificant scale. Slightly brushing the surface of a field twice a week will kill every one just as or before it comes above the surface. A weed seed that is barely sprouted is destroyed as effectually with a brush of the hoe or garden rake as it would be two months later when the strength of a man might be required to uproot it. Frequent cultivation kills more weeds for another reason, which is that it encourages more weed seeds to start.

A California paper says: We are informed that a complaint has been filed in the superior court of San Diego county, in which the plaintiff complains that he has thirty acres of Muscat grapes, raised for the express purpose of being made into raisins, and that owing to the great number of bees kept by his neighbors he is unable to utilize the grapes for the purpose named. The prayer of the plaintiff is that the court may adjudge the keeping of bees to be a nuisance which should be abated, and that he may recover damages from the defendant.

It is generally found that a cow kept by herself will give better results than the same cow in a herd with others. The single cow will be better fed, and a more important point, so far as butter-making is concerned, will be the fact that nearly all the butter will be got from the cream, which is never the case when the milk and cream from a herd of cows are mixed before churning. Owing to difference in size of the butter globules the milk from cows varies greatly in the time required to bring the butter.

On the Kankakee marsh, along the Kankakee river in Illinois, there are large tracts of land which are used yearly for grazing stock. It has been the practice of farmers who had good grain farms to send their young cattle to these marshes and have them pastured through the summer at a cost of about $2 per head. Dry season, stock will do fairly well, but after wet seasons the cattle will come home lean, being all horns and legs, weighing in many cases no more than they did in the spring,

According to experiments reported by the secretary of the New Jersey Horticultural society, and continued through two years, the early Ohio matured eight days before early rose and beauty of Hebron, in 1884, and eleven and seventeen days sooner in 1883. In another series of experiments by N. W. Parcell, the early Ohio was six days earlier than Vermont and Hebron, and sixteen days earlier than early rose.

It is now confidently believed that the shipments of wool from New South Wales for the statistical year ending June 30 will show a reduction in last year's quantity by at least 28,000 bales. There will be a deficiency also from Victoria and Queensland; but an increase in South Australian shipments will more than make up for this, so that the total deficiency for all Australia will be about 20,000 bales.

An attempt is now being made to bore an artesian well on the large plantation of Messrs. C. J. and J. C. Foster, near Shreveport, La. This is the first attempt to bore such a well in the Red river valley, and its success will prove a matter of decided consequence to the people of that section. The contractor in charge of the works is confident of success.

Another insect pest has appeared in Canada in the nature of a small worm, which secretes itself in the heads of clover, entirely destroying the stalk. The spread of the pest is so rapid that the clover crop throughout the country will be almost a total failure.

Barn cats should rarely be allowed to come to the house, and never fed there. All they need is plenty of milk. Compel them to get the rest of their living, and they will find it about the barn, granaries, cribs, sheds, and in the fields.

The quantity of meat thrown into the Atlantic is greater than most people imagine. Last year, 4,856 animals were thrown overboard, 281 were landed dead, and 317 were so much injured that they had to be killed on landing.

Marshal P. Wilder has had the largest apple-tree in the country photographed. It grows in Chesire, Conn., is 60 feet high, spreads 100 feet and yields 75 to 110 bushels per year on alternate sides of the tree.

Furs are now preserved from insects in cold storage houses with cheese and all kinds of food products.

Georgia's orchards now hold the best crop of apples, pears, peaches and plums in twenty years.

CLEVELANDIANA.

Gathered at Random From Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland's New Book.

No secret of hydraulics could cause a dewdrop to hang upon a rose leaf in a cube.

I never knew a good man or a good woman who was not practically an optimist.

The past is simply humanity. It is thou and I, a vast congregation of thous and I's.

An acorn in the mind is worth more than an oak forest at the end of the tongue.

The noble soul would choose rather not to be than to be somebody in particular.

So fine an irony has history, that that which makes the shame of its wives makes the glory of its kings.

Manners are made in the market where they are sold, and their buying and selling are mostly unconscious.

No gift can pass between human creatures so divine as the gift of recognition, for it touches upon the creative.

To be dramatic, and at the same time accurate, is a rare combination. If the one is gift the other is grace.

We can do no braver or better thing than to bring our best thoughts to the everyday market. They will yield us usurious interest.

Milton's sublime audacity of faith acretes the ponderous craft of his verse and keeps it from sinking into the abyss of theological pedantry.

Our lives are not laid out in vast, vague prairies, but in definite domestic door yards, within which we are to exercise and develope our faculties.

Herein is the significance of saying that history repeats itself. It does repeat itself, because it repeats its factors—the men and women who compose it.

The mother makes the man, perhaps; but the wife manufactures him. Sometimes the wife in her manufacture confirms the making of the mother, sometimes counteracts it.

The born poet has no agony in the deliverance of his song. The uttering is to him that soothing balm which the utterance is to the reader. It is the weeping, not the tear wept, that gives relief.

The humanity of each of us is like some æolian harp constructed by the Master Musician, and laid down tenderly by Him on the sea shore, where winds from every quarter play continuously.

Reciprocity, constant and equal, among all His creatures is the plan of the only maker of plans whose plans never fail in the least jot or tittle. He has reserved to Himself the power to give without receiving.

Human history is nothing but one ceaseless flow of cause into effect, and of effect into cause. There is nothing but which is consequent. You and I are but the consequents of a vast tangle of antecedents in all time before.

You come from one of George Eliot's poems as from a Turkish bath of latest science and refinement, appreciative of benefit, but so battered, beaten, and disjointed as to need repose before you can be conscious of refreshment.

In these days of ebb and quick sand, when agnosticism rears its stone wall in front of faith, and writes upon it in black letters the end-all and the be-all of all knowing, the unknowable, we have no need to know where God is to confirm our faith in him.

(An erroneous notion of the Middle Ages.) A tunnel of time, 1,000 years long, through which humanity rumbled blindly in an emigrant train, the last skyrockets of the Roman empire flaring up at one end, the first sunbeams of the Renaissance shining in at the other—and no light between—the no-account period of history.

What's in a name? A rose by any other name might smell as sweet: but a lily, if rechristened rose, would never diffuse the rose's odor, nor gain, in addition to its own spotless perfections, the deep hearted sorcery of that enchanting, crumpled wonder, which we thrill in touching, as if it, too, had nerves, and blood, and a human heart—a rose!

(A picture of Joan of Arc.) A little peasant maiden, doing lowly service in the cottage home at Homremy; a mail-clad maiden, leading forth her soldiers from the gates of Orleans; two faithful feet on fagots at Rouen; a radiant face uplifted to the beckoning skies; a crucifix upheld in shriveling, flame-kissed hands; a wreath of smoke for shroud; a wrack of smoke for pall, a heap of ashes, and—a franchised soul!

In this scientific age—this age of iconoclasm—it is greatly good for us to confront things rich, rare, out-of-the-common-things, above our power to comprehend, beyond our power to destroy. It is well for us who are so blind to the rose color in our daily lives to be forced to acknowledge its existence in the imperishable canvass of history; well for us, so intensely practical as we are, to be compelled there, at least, to confront the romantic and the heroic.

Tobacco as a Disinfectant.

"There is a general impression that tobacco is a disinfectant," was said to an up-town physician. "If you go into a place where the air is rank or laden with obnoxious vapors," said the physician, "tobacco smoke will aid you in escaping any evil results. You will certainly find the air less offensive, even if it is no less rank. But if the tobacco itself becomes tainted, or contains any poisonous substance, you will discover that it is just as good a transmitter as anything else. A cigar-holder would enable a man to escape a good many of the penalties that all smokers incur, and I tried it for a time. I discovered however, that the holder became a nuisance to my patients, and so I again began smoking my cigars in the old way."—*New York Sun.*

Opening of the season—uncovering the mustard pot.—*Boston Bulletin.*